THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 172.

MR. SAUNTER,

IT is not from any desire of provoking a comparison between the poems of Fingal and other northern compositions of a similar nature, that I have translated the following songs. They are, I think, fully expressive of those sentiments, which must arise in the bosoms of an artless people. I have not been able to learn the name of the author; (for I presume all of them to be the work of the same poet.) From a passage in one of them, I conceive, they must have been composed in the reign of Howell Dha, Prince of North-Wales, who lived prior to William the Norman. The reader however must form his own conjectures in this particular.

The translations were accomplished in a few hours. If the poems should prove as pleasing to the reader as to the translator, his object is fully attained. The originals are certainly harmonious, picturesque, sentimental, and highly animated.

SPRING.

Lightly treading on aromatic shrubs and fragrant flowers, the offspring of his bounty, see! *Spring* approaches! Fragrancy issues from his lips; and over his frame is thrown a garment, blue as the skies, which he enlivens; whilst jocund he spreads the verdant mantle over valley, hill and grove. The birds resume their interrupted harmony. The stream disdains the tyranny of Winter, and murmurs its gratitude to the chearing *season*. The salmon, pride of the river, now visits the *Avons* of Cambria! Returning from the sea, he delights to sport again in our transparent waters! Prepare your implements, ye hardy sons of the waves! Ensnare the attendant Trout with art and patience! Thus shall plenty crown your labours, and earth be gladdened with the spoils of Ocean.*

The animals which own the power of man, as well as those who rejecting his authority, maintain their native liberty, acknowledge with rapture, the enlivening presence of spring. The Cock in triumph majestically struts before his admiring females, who equally confess the genial influence. The woolly tribe bleat forth its praises; the hills resound with the gratitude of the lowing Ox; and the majestic Horse with head erect and nerves distended with joy, at his approach disdains his solitary winter-mansion; neighing with impatience, he demands the hill, the vale and stream; that with recruited strenght he may contribute, O man!

* Our patriotic Bard seems here to allude to the establishment of Fisheries; but it may be doubted whether his hint was attended with any degree of success, amongst a people who, in those days, considered the warrior as the most exalted of characters.

to thy health, thy pleasure and emolument.

And shall not man, O Spring! express his raptures at thy approach? Thou comest to repair his debilitated frame; to restore his exhausted spirits, to clothe his fields with beauty, and crown them with plenty; but chiefly to exalt his soul to those regions, where thou reignest and shalt reign in undiminished and everlasting glory.

SUMMER.

How pleasant are thy morning breezes, O Summer! how reviving thy pellucid streams! Thy birds salute the orient sun with all the melody of nature. Vegetation, indebted to thy bounty, blooms in all the luxuriance of approaching perfection. And see! the youth of the village salute the evening beams with unaffected sincerity. The hand of labour is suspended. The lawn is covered with blooming health and artless beauty. The strings of the harp, touched by the hand of rural harmony, excite the smile of complacency. The maiden adjusts her flowing locks. Decked in the garb of simplicity, her cheeks glowing with expectation, and her eyes anticipating the joyous scene, she yields her willing hand to the youth, who charms her fancy, and possesses her esteem. Their feet, responsive to music, are taught to move with grace and activity. Oft with averted eyes she seems to disregard the object of her love. Alarmed, or seemingly alarmed by the impassioned look, the tender whisper, or the gentle pressure, she checks the ardour of his flame. As oft, compassionating his contrition, and accepting his repentance, she smiles on him, with the tenderness of reciprocal affection, attempered by the delicacy of genuine modesty. Age sits or reclines on the bench of ease; recounts the triumphs of his youth; compares the present with the past; and whilst the sigh of recollection steals insensibly from his bosom, prefers the agility of the companions of his better days to the vivacity and activity of our modern youth.

How fervid are thy noon-tide beams, O Summer! Ah! who will place me on the heights of Snowdon, or cover me with the greenest boughs of the vale of Slanberris!

Be hushed, ye birds, whilst, as I repose on the verdant banks of Arvon, the vast oak slowly waving his branches over my head. I yield to thy power, O Summer, and seek refreshment in the arms of balmy sleep!

AUTUMN.

Benefactor of the human race, and of all those creatures who cleave the air with rapid wing, or who, rendered subservient to man by the will of the Creator, range the lawn in peaceful subjection, and seek at night security and refreshment beneath the friendly roofs prepared by industry and art: *benefactor of the human race*, Autumn! I hail thee with resounding wires and with joyful lips. By thee the race of man is sustained! in thee we find the consummation of industry, in thee the completion of the year! and hark! the voice of *labor* resounds from hill to hill, from valley to valley! The scythe again is grasped by strong and willing hands! The harvest bows before the sickle!—How cooling, how grateful are thy fruits, O Autumn! the orchard glows with the ruddy apple, whose juices, prepared by art, rejoice alike the soul of the hardy swain and his imperious lord.—Drawn from the spirits of odoriferous plants and herbs and flowers, *Metheglin!* how shall I attempt to sing thy praise! On the board of the poet mayest thou ever sparkle, whilst, inspired by thee and virtue, he consigns to immortality the cheering smiles of beauty, the charms of rural retirement, the endearing happiness of domestic life, the wisdom of the patriot, and the valour of the hero!—Autumn! I greet thy return to Cambria's plains! may the rage of the invader never more destroy the hopes of her happy husbandmen; may her sons, if cruel war should again inflame their bosoms, respect in thee the exertions of industry, and the bounty of Providence!

Grasp, then, your bright sickles, ye sons of Cambria! may the sword sleep peacefully in its scabbard for ages! and as the ripened blessings of Autumn fill your graneries, sing aloud the vir-

tues of the best of princes, and the glory of the God of harvest!

WINTER.

Tyrant of earth, seas, skies! destroyer of the fairest bounties of nature, why, *Winter!* should I sing the woes thou causest? but that I know thee to be an instrument in the hands of the Creator for the punishment of improvident man. But, Winter! I smile at thy threats and rage. Drive on with northern tempests, thy rain, thy sleet, thy snows! unfeelingly direct thy rage against the humble cottage! whirl the roof through that air which thou hast troubled! tear the strong oak from the trembling earth, and the rock from the brow of Snowdon! till with noise emulating the roar of thunder, it dash amidst the waters of *Llinllivon.* Winter! the poet scorns thy rage; secure he dwells beneath the roof of Howell, that strong roof which art and labour have placed on unconquerable walls.—There with ready hand he grasps the harp, to delight the soul of Howell; and whilst the offspring of his patron attentive stand around, he forms their souls to virtue, as well by the charms of music as the precepts of instruction.

Yet, Winter, spare the peasant, now trembling for his helpless charge, even though his improvidence may deserve thy rage. To him they look for protection! whilst he directs his eyes, his prayers, and his soul to heaven! Hard is the lot of the laborious rustic; nor can the princely disposition of Howell preserve them all from sufferings.

Yet, husbandman! spread thick the bed of straw for your faithful dependants. Be the rich produce of the meadow piled in plenty before them! The mild and laborious Ox; the Horse renowned for strength and swiftness; the Cow with distended udder, teeming with that sustenance which cheers the heart of thy offspring; and the patient sheep whose former covering now protects thee from the blasts of Winter. Scatter with unsparing hand before thy domestic feathered tribes, the rich blessings of Autumn; nor withhold from the churlish Hog his share of the produce of thy toil; useless in life, he will reward thee at his death!

Winter! no streams I discover! thy rage has bound them in fetters strong as adamant.—Although restorative of nature, dwell not long on our hills and plains; but, turning thy back on unregretting Cambria, seek the dreary regions of the north, and howl and rage, O Winter, amongst those who bear the figures of men, but are animated with the spirits of Tigers. On their bleak hills exert thy fury; or, leaving them exposed to want on their unproductive mountains, lift to the skies the foaming waves of the Ocean, and exhaust thy rage amongst the rocks of Thule!

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 13.

These thoughts are for the state.—

P. OF LITERATURE.

'THE tendency of measures, taken by a neutral state, for its own interest, which [measures] are not forbidden by the law of nations, is not a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture.'—This is what the author of the *cursory review* denominates a clear and just position; but, to be made just, it must be reversed. Common sense revolts from the doctrine, that the measures, or tendency of measures, of one state, taken for its own interest are not to be a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture, with another. Every state may complain, quarrel, or enter into warfare with another, not upon the ground that the measures of that other are abstractedly wrong, but, that they are injurious to itself. It is only upon the basis of this undeniable and obvious truth, that the United States can justly complain, quarrel, or enter into warfare with Great Britain, on the question of their neutral rights.

I have already refused to consider neutral rights as governed by any other principle than that which governs belligerent rights; and I have held, and, of necessity, must always hold, that all these rights are alike well founded, and sacred. To talk of the acts of a belligerent as of acts of tyranny, and of the

acts of a neutral as alone lawful, is, to the last degree, unfair. The truth is, that every human power is disposed to tyrannise; that is, to sacrifice others to itself; and that a neutral may be as willing to tyrannise over a belligerent, as a belligerent over a neutral.

Let us look at the condition of a belligerent. His principle of action is the desire of success. In pursuit of his purpose, he is strongly tempted, no doubt, to do every thing which, not reason only, but passion, may represent as expedient, and which power can effect. Whatever, in the strict sense, his reason, which is universal reason, dictates, must be excluded from the idea of tyranny. Tyranny is a vice of passion; reason may dictate rigour, but never tyranny. I have said, that it is the right of the belligerent to do whatever can overthrow, or tend to overthrow, his enemy. This right is the dictate of reason; and the exercise of this right, whatever may be the name given it by those whom it injures or offends, cannot, in its own nature, be tyranny.

On the other side, what is the condition of a neutral? Reason is not less in his favour. In the midst of the exercise of his undoubted rights, in the occupations of his lawful industry, in the enjoyment of his natural prerogatives, he is injured by the belligerent. Passion may dictate complaint or even resentment; but reason commands him to inquire into the cause of the injury, and to allow to the rights of others a weight equal to his own. In the most ordinary instances of life, it is possible for one man to injure another, purely from the necessity of the case, and without the slightest hostility of design. In pursuit of a thief, I may knock an innocent passenger down; but, though his hurts may be great, will he impeach my motives? In like manner, *if the injury sustained by a neutral be only an unavoidable consequence of the just exercise of the rights of the belligerent*, no just complaint can be made, nor no just resentment indulged.

I speak here, not of *just rights*, for the expression, however frequent, is nonsensical; but, of the *just exercise* of rights. *Rights* must be just; but the *exercise* of rights may be unjust. But, besides that it is possible that this exercise of rights may be unjust, it is still more probable that it may be inexpedient; hence, though a state may be in order, as far as respects its abstract rights, much may commonly be said about the exercise of its rights; and hence that exercise (in other words, its measures, or the tendency of its measures, taken for its own interest) must always be a possible cause of just complaint, quarrel, and rupture.

The exercise of rights is unjust, when the benefit of the exercise, to the nation exercising, is insignificant, and its injury to any other nation, considerable. The exercise of rights is inexpedient, when they tend to the direct injury of the nation exercising; or, when the value of the friendship of the nation injured by their exercise exceeds that of the benefit to be obtained.

It is obvious, therefore, that measures, or the tendency of measures, may always be a just cause of negotiation; in other words, of complaint, quarrel, and rupture, between one nation and another: for it must always be competent to every nation to represent to every other, that its measures, though no more than the exercise of its rights, are unjust, or inexpedient; it may always appeal to its virtue or its prudence; such an appeal may always be made; and war, it is well known, is nothing more than *the last argument*.

In a negotiation, such as is here supposed, what must be the language of two powers, equally submissive to the voice of reason, equally far from using power to the subjugation of right. Assuredly, the neutral will never say to the belligerent, You have no *right* to take measures to the annoyance of your enemy, when such measures *tend* to the annoyance of myself? He will never dispute the right; but, he will say, that the exercise of this right is of little comparative benefit to the belligerent, or of direct disadvantage. He will say, relax in, or abandon, not this *right*, but this *exercise*, out of favour, or for an equivalent: he will appeal to his affections or to his selfishness, his avarice, his prudence, or his ambition.

As to the belligerent, his language is this: My measures are not taken with any view to your injury. Perhaps, I even desire your prosperity, and grieve for the inconveniences I inflict; but those inconveniences are only the unfortunate concomitants of necessary measures. When we burn the harvests, this is to deprive the enemy of forage, not to starve the cottagers, every hair of whose heads we would preserve. Such are his general sentiments. With respect to the particular views of justice, or expedience, which you present to him, he examines them, and answers accordingly.

But, if either the neutral or the belligerent be stronger than the other, and disposed to avail itself of that advantage, a shorter and very different negotiation ensues. The strong belligerent will say to the neutral, Your friendship is worthless, in comparison with the exercise of my most trivial rights; and, however small the benefit I may derive from that exercise, and however great the injury it may inflict on you, my purpose is as fixed, as my right is certain: as to what you have said, of the injury I do myself, that is worthy of attention. I thank you for the suggestion, and shall decide upon its merits.

Or, the strong neutral will say, Though I cannot deny your right to annoy your enemy, I am resolved that, whatever may be your fate, you shall not annoy me. I am not disposed to take part in the war, and I will not suffer by a war in which I have no share. Your destruction will not grieve or weaken me; your victories will add nothing to my strength or gratifications. You may fight, if you please; but, if your plans tend to my injury, they must not be pursued.

Thus far I have confined myself to principles; I shall now enter the specific question involved in the arguments of the cursory review, and which is strictly this, Whether Great Britain, during the last fourteen years, has outstepped the right of a belligerent power, to do whatever may overthrow, or tend to overthrow, his enemy. No minor question is stirred by the reviewer. The justice, or expedience, with which she has exercised her right, he has not condescended to discuss. He impugns the right.

I. The first charge against Great Britain consists in this, That 'on the 15th of November of that early year (1792), while the whole maritime world was in peace, the government of Great Britain, after formal proclamation, detained in their ports all neutral *vessels* laden with grain and other goods, contrary to the law of nations, in violation of an existing treaty, and contrary to their own municipal laws.' The amount of the second is, That before the month of February, 1793, the same government proceeded to *capture* neutral vessels, bound to France.

In wording the first charge, it would seem that the *clear* reviewer made it a point of aggravation, that Great Britain detained the ships of neutrals, *after formal proclamation* that she would do so; this, however, I suspect, is not his intention. So that nothing is charged, of a deeper dye than the *detention*. The second charge is that *capture;* and here, as in all other places, great stress is laid upon the date of the French declaration of war; as if Great Britain could not be invested with the rights of a belligerent, could not act as a belligerent, till the day on which France thought proper to issue this declaration. The answer to this impertinent absurdity is an answer to the two charges.

II. The third charge arises out of the treaty with Sweden, of the date of the 25th of March, 1793, in which, conformably with the spirit of a subsequent order of the king, in council, of the date of the 8th of July, in the same year, by which the contracting parties bound themselves *to stop all neutral vessels bound to, or freighted for, France; and to compel them, either to sail back, or enter some neutral harbour*. Here, among other ridiculous comments, the reviewer reiterates the falsehood, that Great Britain, at the time she adopted these measures, was not at war! Does he mean to say, that she was at peace? Are these the measures of peace? Was she not committing hostilities? Were

not these measures hostilities?—Oh, but they were before the death of Louis XVI, or the *French declaration of war!*

III. Great Britain is further charged with issuing subsequent orders, 'in the same spirit, and of the same character of *illegitimate* injury to neutral commerce and rights.' The reviewer constantly uses the word illegitimate, when he means *illegal.*

We are next presented with count Bernstorff's opinion against Britain, and with an account of her efforts, to the injury of neutrals, to annoy France, on the side of Italy.

IV. The succeeding charge is that of having completed the *blockade of France*, by superadding to the order of the 8th of June, 1793, a second, dated the 6th of November, in the same year, in which is directed 'the capture of all neutral ships, with the produce of the French colonies on board, or provisions or dry goods, and other supplies for the use of those colonies.' I see nothing in this charge, different from the rest, except as it brings into question the *right of blockade*, which will deserve our separate regard, and except an assertion, that this order was '*studiously and effectually concealed*, till our ships, our seamen, and our property, were found under the muzzles of their cannon on the free ocean.' I suspect, that the meaning of all this amounts to no more than that some American ships, freighted and under sail before the order was heard of in America, fell a prey to its consequences. I have no leisure to ascertain the particulars of this transaction; but, if there were any thing of that *studious concealment* described by the reviewer, I have no more disposition to defend its justice than I have discernment to perceive its policy.

V. No new aggression is charged upon Great Britain, till the year 1797, when 'a proclamation of a most extraordinary and extravagant nature, as it regarded neutrals, was issued by sir Horatio Nelson, who was afterwards lord Nelson. It opens thus: *In consequence of the unprovoked war made by his Catholic Majesty against Great Britain, it is found right, that Spain shall no longer have any trade.*' Nothing can be more certain than that these are *not* the *words* of any proclamation of any British officer: they are deficient, both in technical forms and in plain English, and bear a strong affinity to the reviewer's 'king *and* council,' put for 'king *in* council.' This, however, is a trifling remark. Of the correctness of the quotation, as to spirit and meaning, I have no doubt; though there appear to be a singular anticlimax. The proclamation opens with a representation, *that SPAIN shall no longer have any trade:*—It proceeds to announce, that no neutral vessel is hereafter to be suffered to enter or leave *the port of Cadiz*, without permission; and, that from that moment, *Cadiz is to be considered as a blockaded port.* I shall make no serious reply to the observation, that this is a decree, by its terms, perpetual in its duration; nor to the folly with which the reviewer, always afflicted with the pettiest feelings, labors, on the subject of this proclamation, to insult the manes of an illustrious officer.

VI. My reader will see that the preceding charge, like the former, has nothing which takes it out of the common question of blockade, and of the general rights of belligerents and neutrals. One other remains to be noticed, of a more peculiar character: 'It is a remarkable and impressive fact, in the history of the British inroads upon our neutral rights of trade, that she expressly exempted Denmark and Sweden, in her orders of *king and council*, of January, 1798, which subjected to seisure all American homeward-bound vessels, from the French, Spanish, and Dutch colonies.'—I confess, that I cannot call to mind the history of the order here alluded to, and I will not indulge myself in offering conjectural topics of defence. I shall only remark, that whatever appearance of partiality may here betray itself, that partiality is naturally at the option of the authority from which it proceeds. I contend, that Great Britain might have lawfully seised *all* vessels engaged in trade with her enemy: why she exempted those of Sweden and Denmark, as I have already

said, I am not certain, and will not, from conjecture, explain.

Whatever may be the extension it is wished to give to these charges, they contract themselves, by nature, within a narrow compass. *Great Britain, as a belligerent, has exercised her right to annoy her enemy, in such a way as that she has annoyed neutrals also.* This is *the head and front of her offending.* It will have been seen, that, as I previously observed, the reviewer stirs no minor or subordinate questions; it is her *right*, not the justice or expedience of the *exercise* of her right, that he impugns.

He, indeed, may reply that, in truth, he has impugned the expedience or justice of that exercise. He has often repeated, that her acts were done without *necessity.* In no instance, however, has he offered an argument against that necessity, except one, which, as I think, miserably fails him. He tells us, of those acts, that they were not ‘ justifiable on the plea of necessity, for she was a prosperous and powerful *neutral*, blest with a measure of divine bounties, full, and heaped, and runing over;’ and, again, ‘ There was not even a plea of necessity. There could be none; for Great Britain was stronger, in every department than Spain.’ To this I shall answer, first, that every nation, like every man, is the best judge of its own necessities; secondly, that, as Great Britain was far from enjoying any immoderate success in the last war, and, to all appearance, is equally far from having any prospect of it in this, as she has not yet conquered France, nor even Spain; her superiority to the calls of necessity is a little doubtful: thirdly, I answer, that she was and is under a direct and obvious necessity, of which I shall say more hereafter. As to the expression, ‘ powerful *neutral*,’ as applied to Great Britain, we must forgive the reviewer this. *That way lies madness.* We are overwhelmed with cogent arguments, in the very sentence that follows: ‘ There was no pretence, *then*, of *war in disguise;* for neutrals could not aid France in war against England, when *they were in mutual peace*, and when *France anxiously desired the peace to continue.*’—I would not be thought to enter into the question, on the pacific dispositions of France; but, solely, to make myself merry, at the expense of a writer, who can argue, from such premises, that Great Britain was not entitled to the rights of a belligerent; and which argument, besides, as it is held by the reviewer, implies nothing less than this, that *a state has not a right to take such measures as it shall judge to be for its interest.*

I am happy in being enabled to offer some relief, from the ruggedness of political disquisition, in the following little ode, a tribute to one of the best of our best treasures, the domestic charities.—

ODE.

Who, with her arms of love, carest,
And lay me, youngling, on her breast,
And hush'd me there to downy rest?
My mother.

Who o'er my infant-ailings wept,
And, by my bed, long vigils kept,
And kiss'd and bless'd me while I slept?
My mother.

Who, in each frolic-sport, and toy,
With glist'ning eye, indulg'd my joy,
And shar'd the transports of her boy?
My mother.

Who, patient of a wayward child,
Forgave my headstrong humours wild,
And soon the frown forgot, and smil'd?
My mother.

Who, guardian, champion, counsel, friend,
To schoolday-cares her aid would lend,
My tears would dry, my cause defend?
My mother.

Who to brave truth, and honor, bred
My heart, and in their high-road led,
And bade me there forever tread?
My mother.

Who nurs'd me in the proud disdain
Of all that scoundrels feel, or feign,
And all that scoundrels boast, or gain?
My mother.

Who, by her fair example, taught
Each holy aim, and gen'rous thought,
And virtues never to be bought?
My mother.

Who, to this filial bosom dear,
Through onward life's maturer year,
Is cherish'd, lov'd, and worshipp'd here?
My mother.

I make no comment on what I further subjoin.

SONNET.

TO THE SEA-BIRD.

Pleas'd I behold thee, rover of the deep,
That brav'st the terrors of this raging world;
And follow still, with curious eye, thy sweep,
'Mid emerald waves, with snowy heads, y-curl'd!
Pleas'd, I behold thee o'er the expanse ride,
Now pois'd aloft, amid the lurid skies;
Descending now the wat'ry valleys wide,
Now rising slow, as slow the billows rise:
Pleas'd I behold thee; and think, blest it were,
Like thee, the dark seas dauntless to explore;
Like thee, to toil unwearied, and to dare;
Nor, with a coward's haste, to seek the shore:
Tempt, while I please, the fortunes of the day,
Then spread the wing, and bear, at will, away!

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 3.

ON THE POETRY OF THE ARABS.

We are not to speak of the *poetic genius* of the Arabs; for that is beyond all question, whether we judge from their character or from their works; but, of the *genius of their poetry*. Now, to speak of the genius of their poetry, it is necessary that we should define the character of their nation; for it is the one that produces the other; and the Arabs, as a nation, are marked by very peculiar features. It is probable, indeed, that, in the general outline, they differ but little from the Nomadic tribes that pitch their tents on either side of Caucasus; but they have a superior right to fix our attention, derived, not merely from our more ancient and familiar aquaintance with their manners and literature, nor from their more southern situation, more favorable, it may be presumed, to the expansion of genius; but, also, from their having lived, for many thousand years, on the borders of rich and polished empires: for, from these geographical and political circumstances, it has resulted, that we behold this singular phenomenon, a people at once savage and civilised, pastoral and polished. With such a people, there are many points in regard to which we can have nothing in common.

The Arabs, there is little reason to doubt, have long since reached the utmost point of *civilization*, attainable in the pastoral state. Though they do not pursue, they highly value, the manual arts; such arts as their situation recommends, and their religion does not proscribe. Splendid arms, jewels, and rich clothing, they admire; and their genius, forbidden, not less by their pastoral and rural life, than by the commandment of Mohammed, to occupy itself with the luxuries of painting and sculpture, is devoted to poetry and letters. The inhabitants of cities, with that eagerness which is never wanting for what is at once pleasing and strange, have always loved to hear, that, among this people, a thousand years ago, as it is at this hour the same, the daughters of kings carried pitchers to the wells, and brought home the water that had been poured into them by the gallantry of princes; but these incidents, which are *silly, sooth, and suit the innocence of love, like the old age*, will scarcely impress our literary times with so much respect for this people, as will the fact, that, at the beginning of the seventh century, the Arabic language was brought to a high degree of perfection, by a sort of Poetical Academy, which used to assemble at a place called Ocadh, where every poet produced his best composition.

What other people, then, we may safely ask, can be compared with the Arabs, with the Wandering Arabs? From what other people ought we to expect pastoral poems, at once natural and noble, at once, *rustic* and refined? From whom beside can we receive the sentiments of a man, at the same moment a warrior, a poet, a herdsman, and a gentleman? of one who carries with him, not more to the camp of war, than to the stalls, all the polish of a polished nation, and whose eyes are, at the same time, fixed on nature, in her simplest state; his hands, employed in the most humble offices; and his mind, enlarged, warmed, and occupied, with the most beautiful and most sublime productions of genius; with the brightest images of taste, the profoundest maxims of prudence, and the noblest sentiments of virtue, presented to his mind in forms the most engaging and elevated, in words the most sonorous, and in numbers the most tuneful and most sweet?

A striking dissimilarity here presents itself, between this people, and any one of those by whom cities are built. A camp of the Arabs, or of any other people leading the same Nomadic life, is, in one sense, a city; a moveable city: but, a fixed city has features peculiar to itself, and such as have a very considerable effect upon society. It divides a people into two classes, wholly unlike each other; the citizen and the peasant. In all that concerns the mind, the citizen takes the pre-eminence; he criticises, he decides on all matters of taste, he determines this to be mean, and that to be noble.

An inevitable consequence of the building of cities, is the division of labour; the same hands no longer guide the plough and the sceptre, nor, to take images directly to our purpose, hold the sheep-hook and the pen.

Certain offices of life are confessedly humble; but, while they are performed by those who likewise perform the most respectable, though humble, they are not mean; what is commonly done by dignified men cannot take from the dignity of any man. No sooner, however, is the separation effected, than those offices, deprived of that support which they derive from the union, sink into contempt; for, what dignified men cease to do, must, in the estimation of society, cease to be dignified. Hence, the menial duties of the city, and the rural labours of the country, come to be despised; and, of that which we are too refined to do, we must be too refined to receive pleasure in hearing: our sympathy is gone; and, therefore, our pleasure is at an end. With respect to the labours of the country, that instinct which for ever attaches us to the fields, as to our proper home, always endears them to our hearts; but, with the citizen, they are endeared only in the general; the details are offensive. He loves to hear of flocks, and harvests, and meadows; but those particulars which alone can give value, in the eyes of a peasant, to the descriptions of these things, appear, to him, trivial, dull, or coarse. Shearing sheep, and manuring lands, in the poetry of Virgil or Thomson, are delightful employments; but, in rural life, they are contrary to all his ideas of elegance and convenience.

And, whence this essential difference in his sentiments, as they respect the substance and the description; a difference which has often been remarked, but of which the explanation does not seem to be so familiar? In great measure, it arises from this; that the city poet, whose habits are congenial with those of the city-critic, touches only on generals; those particulars, which a rustic pen would describe, and a rustic reader admire, are altogether out of the sphere of observation of the two former. Thus, a city life, by estranging men from the details of rural occupations, deprives them of the relish for the poetry in which they are described; and hence *polite writers* confine themselves to general allusions. In such a state of society, many pictures will appear forced, or coarse, which, were the originals continually before our eyes; habit would not only smooth the harshness of the features, but make us acquainted with beauties to which, for want of this, we are blind.

This influence of manners upon literature is a subject which deserves to be considered in a manner more regular, and more ample, and illustrated from the writings of different nations and ages. On our part, we shall content ourselves with such reflections, more or less desultory, as may assist us in fixing the attention of the readers on the remarkable effects it produces, and above all on the peculiarity it teaches us to expect in the poetry of such a people, so polished and so remote from civilisation, as the Arabs. With this view, we shall merely subjoin one or two additional remarks.

The peasantry of every country, overawed by the mental superiority of the city, have abandoned even their own just pretensions. A town-cap, and a town-book, set every effort of the country at an immeasurable distance. No excellence is hoped for, but through the medium of imitation; and the praise that satiates the ambition of the most ambitious countryman, is to have made some approach to the merits of the city. All that originality, which was produced in the fields, which will never be found any where else; all that originality which has sprung from rustics, and which so many thousand polished scholars have spent their lives in exploring, transcribing, and borrowing; all this is neglected, for the sake of the oft-told tales of the city. The peasant is despised; and, what is worse, he despises himself. The town calls him ignorant, and he believes that he is so. The whole body of his own information, the whole range of his ideas, appear to him as nothing; and this, for no other reason, than because neither his information, nor his ideas, are of that species which is current with the town. It is obvious that hence the republic of letters is reduced within a much too narrow compass.

We ought to make a fair estimate of the character of the peasant. On the one hand, it is deprived of, or denied, many of or all those sources of melioration, which, with us, are open only to a part, but, with the Arabs, to the whole of the community. Man, in society, deprived of the advantages possessed by others, is not merely excluded from extraneous benefits, but is dejected, by the comparison which is drawn both by others and by himself. While his neighbour is encouraged by his situation to call forth all the energies of his natural powers, in aid of his acquired, he, dispirited, leaves even his natural powers unemployed. He suffers, not only a relative, but an absolute, depreciation.

But, the peasant, in spite of all, is not so low in the scale as we are too ready to imagine. There are points in view, in which we draw a false comparison. It is not every refinement of the city that adds any thing really valuable or important to the human race; there are some, without which man, though no fit habitant for our drawing-rooms, may be very happy and very noble. —Our delicacy and refinement, in numerous instances, are real advances in morals; in many, however, they derive their value solely from their adaptation to our circumstances; and in many more, they are but mechanical results, which have no moral value at all. They add nothing to what is

estimable in our character. We shall often be much deceived, if we suppose that coarseness of manners implies want of delicacy in sentiment, firmness in principle, or dignity in purpose.

From what has been said, it will, among other things, suggest itself, that *polite literature*, as to its origin, might bear a subdivision, into the literature of civilised and of uncivilised writers, and in which, the former alone would be *polite literature*, properly so called; for nothing can be more certain, than that, let the superiority of civilisation be as little or as great as it may, it is from civilised writers that civilised readers must receive the most natural gratification; it is these that must act with the least violence on their sympathies. In the other class, we must always find much that is obscure, and much to which we are repugnant. We are ignorant of its allusions, and at war with its manners. The Spectator and the poems of Ossian, or of the Arabs, may be cited as examples of the two species of *polite literature* towhich we refer. Our readers will readily distinguish a numerous variety of others.

The productions, meanwhile, of uncivilised writers, are not without charms, to which every reader is awake. These are of several kinds. We shall not dwell on the frivolity which is too frequently the companion of every thing civilised, and, contrasted with which, things less artificial approach, and even reach, the great and the sublime: this is not all; we are to allow much to extrinsic considerations; to the novelty that, as it respects us, invests them; and to the curiosity they inspire; and more to those particulars which they have in common with all productions which proceed from, and which interest, men of all countries and times, and in reference to which no writing can be foreign, barbarous, or antiquated: these are the breathings of the heart, and the soarings of the imagination.

We shall not detain our readers by entering into any regular application of the principles, at which we have hinted, to the Genius of the poetry of the Arabs. It is enough to observe, that, as far as the influence of manners extends, we must conceive it to be such as the physical and moral condition of the people inspires. On its peculiar features we shall have other and frequent opportunities to remark; but, in a general view, this leading circumstance must never be forgotten. That it is the genius of a nation, not unpolished, and yet pastoral; a nation in which the highest and lowest offices of life are performed by the same persons; a nation conversant in what softens the human heart and enobles the human character, and at the same time in daily acquaintance with the meanest objects that can engage the human mind.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

ON THE ORIGIN OF BELLS.

Bells were used by the Romans to signify the times of bathing, and naturally applied by the Christians of Italy therefore to denote the hours of devotion, and summon the people to the church. They were so applied before the conclusion of the seventh century in the monastic societies of Northumbria, and as early as the sixth even in those of Caledonia; and they were therefore used from the first erection of parish-churches among us. Those of France and England appear to have been furnished with several bells. The second excerption of Egbert, about the year 750, which is adopted in a French capitulary of 801, commands every priest, at the proper hours, to sound the bells of his church, and then to go through the sacred offices to God. And the council of Enham, in 1011, requires all the mulcts for sins to be expended in the reparation of the church, cloathing and feeding the minister of God, and the purchase of church-vestments, church-books, and church-bells. These were sometimes composed of iron in France; and in England as formerly at Rome were frequently made of brass. And, as early as the middle of the tenth century, there were many cast of a large size and a deep note. Two of them were given by Egebrich to his own abbey of Croyland in the reign of Edward, and another much larger by his immediate predecessor Turketul. And several of them were presented by Archbishop Dunstan to the monastery of Malmsbury in the preceding reign of Edgar. The number of bells in every church gave occasion to that curious and singular piece of architecture in the campanile or bell-tower; an addition, which is more susceptible of the grander beauties of architecture than any other part of the edifice, and is generally therefore the principle or rudiments of it. It was the constant appendage to every parish-church of the Saxons, and is actually mentioned as such in the laws of Athelstan. And the custom of ring-

ing regular peals, now peculiar to the inhabitants of England, commenced in the time of the Saxons, and was common before the conquest.

The services of every parish-church among them were celebrated at seven periods of the day, which were called the canonical hours, and were three and six in the morning; nine, twelve, and three, in the evening and the midnight. These services were generally chanted; and, in a canon of 747, the Presbyters are commanded not to chatter like reciting bards in their offices, and either mar the composition or confound the distinction of the words by a theatrical pronunciation; but to follow the plain and holy melody of the church. And such as could not chant were permitted to read the service. Some parts of it were also sung, the custom being introduced into Northumbria by James the deacon, an attendant on Paulinus; and every greater church and monastery, even previously among the Britons, having choral service celebrated regularly in it. Since Moclocunus has left his monastic abode, says Gildas in his epistle, he hears no more the praises of God in the sweetly modulated accents of young choiristers, and listens no longer to the breath of ecclesiastical melody. And the instrumental music of British churches is here distinguished sufficiently from the vocal. Both the British and Saxon instruments were called organ or organs. The Romans had an instrument which they equally denominated an organ, as Alexander Severus, says his historian, Lyra, Tibia, Organo cecinit. Very early after the conversion of the Northumbrians, we find an instrument of that name familiarly used in the services of the north, Alchfrid, the son of King Oswi, requesting Wilfrid to stay with him, about 660, to preach the Word of God to him and the other Northumbrians, and to be to them a spiritual organ, voluntarily heightening the devotions of the church with its pious tones. And all England, says the History of Ramsey, lamented the death of Edgar, the choirs of the monasteries and their organs, cum verteretur in luctum chorus monachorum, organa in vocem flentium. But that grand combination of instruments, which we now denominate so, was absolutely unknown in Europe in that period. It was the happy production of an Eastern genius. And the first that ever appeared, in the west of Europe, was sent by Constantine, the Grecian Emperor, to Pepin of France, in 756. The artists of the West availed themselves of the present. Organs were constructed on the continent and in the island, and erected in some of our cathedrals, before the middle of the tenth century. And Archbishop Dunstan, in the reign of Edgar, presented the church of Malmsbury with one, in which (according to the historical description) the pipes were formed in certain musical proportions of brass, and the air was impelled through them by a pair of bellows.

[From the Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique we have translated the ensuing concise article, which reminded us of the fairy fiction of Cinderella.]

Gabriel Vincent Thevenart, of the Opera, excelled in counter tenor at once sonorous, soft, and distinct, as well as in acting. He was born in Paris, in 1669, and died in 1741. At the age of sixty, he married a young lady of whom he became enamoured *from the circumstance of seeing her slipper in a shoemaker's shop.* The character of Thevenart was gay and cheery, and the blood of Bacchus contributed not a little to animate the joviality of his spirits.

[The following brief Biography, derived from the same work, presents a striking and instructive example of the energy of the *immortal mind.* Milton, like the literary hero, whose genius and perseverance are recorded below, was blind, but, we know that his mental vision not only comprehended this *visible diurnal sphere,* but other horizons, and other worlds.]

Francis Salinas, a native of Burgos, in Spain, had the misfortune, at the age of six years, to become *entirely blind.* This calamity did not *hinder his proficiency* in the *Greek* and *Latin* languages, and in the *Mathematics* and *Music.* He died in 1590, after enjoy-

ing the friendship of many illustrious persons. Among his patrons were, Paul the Fourth, and the Duke of Alva, from whom he received a benefice. Salinus was the author of an admirable tract on Music, written in Latin, and published in folio at Salamanca, 1592. He likewise made a translation in Spanish verse, of some of the best of Martial's epigrams.

NUPTIAL.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every town;*
High Wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, *God of every town.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It.*

In the Farmer's Museum, of the 30th of May last, we perused the following paragraph.

Married, in this town, on Sunday morning last, by the Revd. Mr. Fessenden, Mr. *John* DENNIE, of Woodstock, Vermont, to Miss Mary Carlisle, of Walpole.

At the first cursory glance of this article, before we had fully perpended the difference between *John* and *Joseph*, and, while we were dwelling principally upon the *surname* of the above bridegroom, we concluded that the Editor of this paper, weary of the celibacy of the cloister, had exchanged that comfortless state, for the torrid, or temperate zone of matrimony. We saw, with rapture, this same Oldschool metamorphosed from a monk to a married man, and could not help felicitating the converted Benedick on his glorious privileges as a husband, after living, for such a series of years, without the smallest indulgence in what Dr. Willich calls, with picturesque propriety, the *sexual intercourse*. But, as the Printer's Devil, or some other Devil would have it, all this is delusion. *There is no such man* as Mr. John *Dennie* in the above village. This gentleman, who has thus "thrust his neck into the yoke, and wears the print of it" is, we suppose a Mr. *Dana*. The only John *Dennie*, of whose existence we can feel tolerably assured, must be a young man, who, most unaccountably chuses to live in a certain place, called *London*, in the *kingdom of Great Britain*, rather than at *Woodstock*, in Vermont, although the latter is situated in a *republic*, and boasts of its *militia* major, and Presbyterian elders. Moreover, like his cousin, he lives in single blessedness, and perversely sings

He, who has *but one love*
Is like a man—with *one glove.*

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

I do not often quote the works of Godwin, but the polite scholar will forgive me for calling his attention to a picture of Falkland, after the murder of Hawkins:

"He appeared like nothing that had ever been visible in human shape. His visage was haggard, emaciated and fleshless. His complexion was a dun and tarnished red, the colours uniform through every region of the face, and suggested the idea of its being burnt and parched by the eternal fire that burned within him. His eyes were red, quick and wandering, full of suspicion and rage. His hair was neglected, rugged and floating. His whole figure was thin to a degree, that suggested the idea rather of a skeleton than of a person actually alive. Life seemed hardly to be the capable inhabitant of so wo-begone and ghost-like a figure. The taper of wholesome life was expired; but passion, and fierceness, and frenzy were able, for the present, to supply their place."

A DUTCHMAN.

At Basil, says Dr. Moore, when at table, I expressed to a Strasbourg acquaintance my regret, that I could not speak a little Dutch, to enjoy the conversation of a Dutchman my neighbour. It was immediately translated to him, he heard it with great composure, took his pipe from his mouth, and made the following answer, That I ought to console myself; for, as we had no connection or dealings together, our conversing could not possible answer any purpose.

The following ingenious Rondeau, sung by Anthonio, in Mr. Sheridan's opera called the Duenna, is worthy of its witty author. The thought in the two last stanzas is perfectly in the manner of Carew and Suckling.

Friendship is the bond of reason,
But, if beauty disapprove,
Heaven absolves all other treason,
In the heart that's true to Love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view,
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then, if to one I false must be,
Can I doubt which to prefer,
A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to Love and her.

A facetious song by Isaac, introduced in the same opera, is extremely lively and characteristic. The allusion to the dell and dimple is delightfully arch, and Isaac's indifference to the colour, though solicitous for the *dual* number of his mistress's eyes, is truly laughable.

Give Isaac the nymph, who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast,
If straight I don't mind, whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion—I vow I don't care,
If brown—it is lasting—more pleasing, if fair,
And though in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be of any colour—but green;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
I only desire she may'n't have a beard.

The emperor Joseph being asked, during the American war, which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, I am a royalist by trade.

The following is one of the most original and extraordinary epitaphs we ever recollect to have perused.

Epitaph in a Church-yard in Cornwall.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John
Who died in the year one thousand and one;
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
You may, if you please, or let it alone,
For it's all one
To Gabriel John,
Who died in the year one thousand and one.

I hardly know, says Mons. Furetiere, any time so ill spent as hunting with an immoderate ardour after *news*, and diving into the schemes of politicians and princes. I knew a man, who spent most of his income in post letters from various countries. He was one day very angry with the monarch of Spain. If the king, says the irritated politician, goes on in this way, I will never interfere in his concerns again.

I went the other day, says the arch Dr. Moore, with a French officer, to hear a celebrated preacher. The subject of his discourse was the miserable situation of men, who were under the dominion of their passions. The wretch, cried the preacher, who is under the government of his passions, has his very soul in chains—Is his passion lust?—He will sacrifice a faithful servant to gratify it;—David did so.—Is it avarice?—He will betray his master—Judas did so.—Is he attached to a mistress?—He will murder a saint to please her—Herod did so.

As we returned from the church, the French officer, who had been for some time in a reverie, said, Ma foi, cet homme parle avec beaucoup d'onction; je vais profiter de son sermon.—Où est-ce que vous allez, said I. je m'en vais chez Nanette, me débarrasser de ma passion dominante.

A DELICATE REPROOF.

The confessor of Bernarbo, viscount of Milan, surprised this nobleman in company with a courtezan. Bernarbo, in great confusion, at the discovery, asked the priest what he would have done, had he been under the same temptation. I know not, my lord, replied the good monk, what I should have done, but I know what I ought to have done.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not forgotten the suggestion of a respectable correspondent, respecting the French college at Baltimore. It would be extremely pleasing to receive from the proper source a history of its establishment and endowments. We are solicitous to be of service to this Classical Seminary, and cherish a high opinion of the learning, morals, talents, and taste of the Clergy under whose truly Catholic care this liberal institution flourishes.

E. H. S. has very well translated the Spanish epigram on a squinting lover. In the works of Yriarte, and in El Tesoro Espanol, he may find many exquisite themes for the exercise of his genius.

The epitaph on Cervantes, in the original Spanish, is eminently beautiful; but the French translation, owing to the badness of the manuscript, and a blunder of the workmen, makes but a sorry figure.

"Staterus" has both valiantly and vigourously defended the poetical reputation of Gray against the furious onset of Goliah Johnson.

Lucio may ask, with as much propriety as his predecessor in the play,

Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

We have long remarked, with pain, that miserable policy to which C. alludes. Avowed hostility is better than such culpable supineness. Such *friends* are the *lukewarm Laodiceans* of the Gospel. A genuine partizan acts always in the spirit of BURKE, and holds no other language than that expressed in the manly dialect of CHURCHILL:

For me, all warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands, I commend;
And, no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
In spite of railing thousands I oppose.

We have no inclination to transcribe from a newspaper a political essay grounded on principles not only radically rotten, but perfectly obselete, and which no legitimate statesman ever surveys through any other medium than that of ridicule. The fanatic author is evidently one of that tribe, the curse of the country:

Asps of the state! who poison with their lies,
Each bud that blossoms, and each breeze that flies.

"Aminta," the poetess of Baltimore, with such *Sappho* softness calls her *Phaon*, that he must be colder than his insensible namesake of antiquity, if he shun a lady, whose heart appears to be the throne of love, and whose head is encircled with the chaplets of the muse.

The verses from D. are so many strings of quibbles. This style of writing might have recommended the author to a Laureatship in the reign of James I, but in the present age it is entirely exploded.

Maggots half form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet:
Here one poor word a hundred clinches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes.

We think Y. has mistaken his powers, when he applies them to the arduous task of legitimate Criticism. A great master has published a precept which Y. will do well to remember:

But you, who seek to give, and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Besure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

There is a sort of affectation of terseness in the verses from Burlington, which makes us exclaim with Jaques, when we scrutinize the phrase of this writer. "He has been acquainted with Goldsmith's wives, and conn'd them out of rings."

"Torrismond" is a very juvenile writer; and seems to have only reached that awkward era, when, although some of the schoolboy's blunders have been reformed, the style of vigorous manhood is not acquired. "He's not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when it is almost an apple, 'tis with him e'en standing water between boy and man. He is very well favour'd, and speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him."

"S." must not be surprised, though the din of that importunity, to which he alludes, should silence all the bells of Poetry, and all the tongues of Eloquence.

C. B. the juvenile bard, though he call upon the muse with a *treble pipe*, yet, is very distinctly heard, and favourably answered.

We wish that our friend "Lucio" would, in the periodical style, describe, like his namesake in the play, a character, similar to Lord Angelo's,

a *man, whose blood*
Is very snow broth; one, who never feels
The wanton stings and motion of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

"Vindicator" is perfectly correct, and his defence of a favoured bard is founded on principles of the purest taste.

We should be much pleased, if some of our poetical countrymen would, in that spirit with which M. G. Lewis so sweetly renders the poetry of Spain, translate the *Antiguo romance de los amores desgraciados de Fernando y Elzira.*

The "Bee," who, with chymic power, can extract sweets from the flowers of literature, we hope will fly far, and bring much to the hive.

The essay on avarice contains some false doctrine. It is wonderful that every man cannot perceive, with the discernment of Horace, that

Nullus argento color est
————————nisi *temperato*
Splendeat usu.

The character, habits, and conversation of a *tea-party* fribble are most exquisitely described by the author of Anticipation:

Perch'd at my lady's toilet Minim sits,
The little scholiast of the female wits.
Tir'd of conjecture, and perplex'd with doubt,
To him they fly——to make a *riddle* out;
To pierce a paragraph's mysterious veil,
And eke out scandal's hesitating tale.
With conscious pride, the flippant witling shares,
This motley task of miscellaneous cares;
Expounds *charades*, thro' *close detraction* pries,
Construes *initials*, and the *blanks* supplies.
And oft, with varied art, his thoughts digress
On deeper themes, the *documents of dress*,
With nice discernment to each style of face
Adapt a ribbon or suggest a lace;
O'er Laura's cap bid loftier feathers float,
And add new charms to Julia's petticoat.

We are fully sensible how much our friend A. can effect, both by his tongue and pen, to guide the taste of many of our rude countrymen. He may be thus deservedly apostrophized:

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis,
Qui *feros cultus* hominum *recentum*
Voce formasti.————

That tremendous and bloody power of the populace, to which "Senex" alludes, is like that irresistible energy described by the poet of Venusium:

——quas neque Noricus,
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

"Sebastian Sluggish neither nods after dinner, nor snores at sunrise. We cannot apply to him the lines of the ballad,

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
While drowsy watchmen idly knock.

"Florio" appears to be a "dear perfidious." Volatile, inconstant and sensitive, one would think he was continually humming,

I'm in love *with twenty*,
And could adore *as many more*,
There's nothing like a plenty.

The advice of "Jocundus" is perfectly palatable as well as wholesome. We can apostrophize the friend alluded to, in two stanzas from a classical imitation of Horace. Let the gentleman in question repair to the festive board,

And while the merry jest goes round,
Solicitude, in bumpers drown'd
Shall cease her gloomy reign.
Joy to the cheek her glow impart,
Unclouded Hope possess the heart,
And Fancy rule the brain.—
Thus shall we cheat one night of care,
And life, dear Jack, has much to spare,
Then happiest he, who knows,
With love or wine, with mirth or play,
To whirl the lingering hours away,
Imbitter'd least with woes.

The description of Leander's Sunday ramble reminds us of a simile in the Anti-Jacobin:

Such rich confusion charms the ravish'd sight,
When vernal Sabbaths to the fields invite.
While muslin'd Misses and Mammas are seen
Link'd with gay cockneys glitt'ring o'er the green,
The rising breeze unnumber'd charms displays,
And the tight ancle strikes the astonish'd gaze.

"Corniger," we suspect, belongs to a numerous family. But even the injured husband, in every age, has his consolations.

Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them *horned.*

and Shakspeare, in a song sung by two courtiers to Jaques, asks no impertinent question,

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and *horns* to wear.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
It *was a crest, ere thou wast born.*
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

On the papers of "Detector" other animals than critics have made depredation,

Rats half the manuscript have ate,
Dire hunger, which we still regret!
O may they ne'er again digest,
The horrors of so sad a feast.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

A SONG,

TRANSLATED FROM THE WELCH.

Addressed to Anna.

How sweet the lilies of the vale,
By Nature's lavish bounty grac'd!
But richer odours they exhale,
When on thy lovely bosom plac'd;
The brow of yonder hill how gay,
Where watch'd by thee, thy lambkins play!

Simplicity, and ancient worth,
Deriv'd from sires who took delight
In taming a rough rocky earth,
And tending flocks on Snowdon's height,
More rapture to my soul impart
Than all the splendid works of art.

With that neat cot in yonder grove
What pompous palace can compare?
There dwell the parents of my love,
And own a daughter's tender care.
More solid worth adorns that cot
Than e'er was fierce ambition's lot.

W. P.

A SONG,

THE PARTING HUSSAR.

My Adelaide weep not, though sad the adieu,
And cruel the moment that tears me from you;
Yet weep not, my love! 'twill be doubly severe
To bid thee adieu, when it beams through a tear!
Still faithful to thee will thy Henry remain,
Whether scorch'd by the noon-tide, or chill'd by the rain,
Though the sport of all seasons thy soldier should be,
He will find from all seasons a shelter in *thee*.
Then weep not, my love, on the transient adieu
That parts thy fond Henry a moment from you,—
In battle's wild daring he'll merit those charms—
Then repose on thy bosom, and die in thine arms.

LODINUS.

A SONG,

FROM THE WELCH.

To thee, the object of my care,
Alike accomplish'd, good, and fair;
Lively without excess, and gay
As those bright flow'rs which gladden May,
To thee, my mistress and my friend,
This tribute of my heart I send.

For thee, sweet maid! for thee alone
My vows I pay to heav'n's just throne.
If o'er my head a year should pass
Unpitied by my much-lov'd lass,
The next would see me on my bier,
Then surely thou wilt shed a tear.

False friends advise thee to remain
A member of the virgin train.
These idle tales thou should'st reject:
An ancient maid claims no respect.
Let *me* then thy protector be,
Since thou art all the world to me.

W. P.

ADDRESS TO THE POLAR STAR.

Star of the north, how oft have I alone,
In midnight walks, ador'd thy golden throne.
Remote from vulgar fires thou dost retain
Thy sphere forever in the starry plain.
Fix'd to the pole thou never dost remove,
Far from the planet that preserves thy love;
But to this orb thy faithful fires confine
True to thy trust with constancy divine.

L. G.

EPIGRAMS.

TO A LADY, WHO PAINTED.

Phillis, like Daphne, strives each day to shun,
The warm embraces of the amorous sun;
In winter chuses to unfold each grace,
For then her beauty freezes to her face:
Who to a kinder nymph could pay his vow,
Did her heart melt as often as her brow.

THE INDULGENT SAILOR.

Tar with beau *Fopling* caught his wife,
He scream'd and fled; she begg'd for life.
Tar saw contrition in her eyes,
And thus the blunt old sailor cries,
Spouse, the first fault we may forgive,
But ne'er repeat it while you live.

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